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THE SAME OLD BULL

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SMILING THROUGH

PHIL TRACY

REVIEWS: ROSEMARY HAUGHTON on EUGENE KENNEDY and MARC ORAISON; LLOYD H. ROGLER on PUERTO RICANS; HAROLD HINTON on FOSTER RHEA DULLES

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NEWS & VIEWS

Case Dismissed!

The action of the Internal Revenue Service against Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement has had a happy ending. The IRS has decided Dorothy and CW do not have to get up $296,359 after all to satisfy the government's back-taxes claim.

The government levied the claim on the grounds that CW, having never applied for tax-exempt status, did not qualify for tax exemption. Never mind that the Catholic Worker is charity personified, that no salaries are paid personnel, that Dorothy Day and staff live a profession of voluntary poverty. They didn't apply, so they faced penalties. Bureaucracy at its thickest.

The IRS has now written the Catholic Worker: "After examining your financial records and reviewing your activities for the above years [1966-1970], we find that you are not required to file annual returns for the years shown, and no further action is necessary regarding the proposals in our letter of January 17, 1972."

The ruling was not unexpected. Dorothy Day and other Catholic Worker personnel had reached a "verbal settlement" some weeks before during a conference with William T. Hunter, a litigation attorney from the Department of Justice. The official notice formalized the earlier understanding.

The open-ended wording of the official notice was less reassuring to Dorothy Day than the conference with Hunter, since the notice provided no specific assurance that the federal income tax issue could not be pressed for the years since 1970 or for any time in the future; on the other hand, the Hunter conference, in Dorothy's words, was "human and satisfactory," and so apparently conclusive that Dorothy and her colleagues "celebrated" with lunch at the Automat before returning to the Catholic Worker office.

But Dorothy can also celebrate the official notice, I'd say. Such notices, even the most favorable, are invariably cold and dispassionate; it's in the nature of the beast. The issue is a dead one.

What prompted the government's change of heart? Dorothy Day's opinion:

" 'They' were willing to recognize our undoubtedly religious convictions in our conflict with the state. . . They had examined and looked into back issues of the *Catholic Worker*, and they had noted the support we had from the press (the *New York Times* news story and the editorials of the *Times* and the *New York Post*), and had come to the conclusion that ours was a religious conviction."

My guess is that the "they" of Dorothy's quote also looked at the calendar and wondered what nutty impulse it was that ever prompted them to institute such a curious action during an election year, of all times.

Honored Jesuit

The *London Times* reports "a quiet, but handsome compliment" paid by London's academic theologians to the "distinguished 'new boy' to their company, Father Freddie Copleston, S.J."

Father Copleston, 65, has been elected dean of the faculty of theology at the University of London—"although," notes the *Times*, "it is not two years since Heythrop, the college that Copleston heads, became a constituent part of the university." Heythrop had formerly been based in Oxfordshire, where it was run by the Jesuits.

The *Times* salutes Copleston as "the author of a monumental eight - volume *History of Philosophy* which made his reputation as a philosopher." This is the series which Newman Press published in hardback in the U.S. in the '40s and '50s, and which appeared in paperback under the Image Books imprint during the early to mid-'60s.

As an Image book, the *History of Philosophy* runs to 15 volumes, and has sold over a million copies. It's a series still "very much" in print, according to John J. Delaney, editorial director of the Catholic department at Doubleday, parent company of Image, and an extensive advertising campaign is slated for fall, primarily among scholarly journals (*Journal of Philosophy*, *Philosophical Forum*, etc.).

Delaney sees a long life for Copleston's *History*, notably because it is free of denominational bent. It helps explain why the "acceptance of the series is general," adds Delaney.

His is an observation which catches an echo in the last paragraph of the *Times*' commentary, the context now being Heythrop: "The election of the new dean of theology has been received with some satisfaction among a number of Roman Catholic and Anglican academics, as a sign that Heythrop College's unusual origins have not hindered its acceptance in the London academic world."

That's the best kind of acceptance, one based on genuine scholarship.

Liberation News Service

Catholic Schools

Auxiliary Bishop John B. McDowell of Pittsburgh offers a further explanation for the decline of enrollments in Catholic schools: "I think that in trying to assure the government that we do a good job on secular subjects, we convinced many Catholics there isn't really much difference between a Catholic school and a public school education. This is a reaction we hadn't anticipated."

The remark appeared in a *Pittsburgh Catholic* article probing reasons for the transfer of 4,620 Catholic grade schoolers of the Pittsburgh area to public schools. "even though the family had not moved."

Four principal reasons were cited to account for the transfers:

"1. Preference for junior high programs in public schools;

"2. Financial: Catholic school tuition and fees too high;

"3. Lack of assurance that the Catholic school would continue;

"4. Unavailability of special education programs."

Odds and Ends

—Anna Maria College in Paxton, Mass., has announced the resignation of Louis Mondor as assistant professor of theology. "Mr. Mondor is planning a career in real estate," said the college newsletter. *O tempora, O mores.*

—For dogday madness, how about Los Angeles Municipal Court Judge Nancy B. Watson fining Ronald Kovic $315 for blocking a street during an anti-war demonstration? Kovic is a paraplegic veteran of Vietnam; he blocked the street with his wheelchair.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Cuban Embargo

Washington, D. C.

To the Editors: The 1969 appeal by the Cuban bishops for an end to the embargo did not go entirely unacknowledged in this country before Senator Edward Kennedy's reference to it in 1971 ["The Church in New Cuba," July 28]. Within three weeks of the pastoral's promulgation, the United States Catholic Conference Division for Latin America issued a statement of total support of the bishops' appeal, a position, however, which some on the U.S. Bishops' subcommittee for Latin America considered premature.

Accordingly, the DLA statement was transformed in the space of one day from a division statement to the personal view of the then-director of DLA, Father L. M. Colonnese. ("Change *We* to I," read the NC News Kill and Correction follow-up.) But still, a U.S. church acknowledgement of the Cuban bishops' letter.

It remained till just this year, on June 7, that the DLA was able to make official its support of "the bishops and people of Cuba in calling for an end to this embargo which is both ineffective and cruel."

(REV.) FREDERICK A. MC GUIRE, C.M.
Director, Division for
Latin America-USCC

Contemplative Politics

Lima, Peru

To the Editors: Father James V. Schall's concern for worship, prayer, and contemplation is a necessary concern ("The Monastery, University, and the City," April 7). But the problem he presents—and I agree with him that it is a real problem—cannot be solved simply by affirming that the rediscovery of the contemplative dimension of life is one of the principal tasks facing Christians. The problem is really this —and Father Schall never comes to grips with it: how do we discover (re-

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THE NIXON CAMPAIGN

The Presidential campaign may get down one of these days to the business such campaigns are supposed to be all about—an examination of issues and problems facing the nation, producing a clear picture of where the respective candidates stand on these matters and how they intend to cope with them. But at this point it appears that if this is to happen, the development must overcome the disposition of Richard Nixon. Nixon's decision to wave flags and to treat his Democratic opponent as a benighted, aberrant choice of a selection system gone temporarily awry is as politically dishonest as anything he has attempted going back to the Helen Gahagan Douglas campaign. Senator McGovern's political philosophy is certainly poles apart from Richard Nixon's, but to seek to blacken him as an appeaser, an isolationist, an irresponsible social radical and heaven knows what further menace to America and the world is only to demean the political process Mr. Nixon is professedly so anxious to insure.

The paradox is that Richard Nixon is not only ill-serving the country, but also himself. The record of Nixon's years as President, however much it is lacking in crucial respects, provides infinitely more substance than anything he is likely to come up in the jingoism and bombast that have characterized his campaign to date. The Russian and China breakthroughs, the accomplishments in nuclear arms limitations, the troop withdrawals from Vietnam —these are accomplishments not easily discounted. One would expect a politician of the stature in which Nixon holds himself to dwell on details such as these and to outline what he proposes to accomplish further rather than stoop to a negative politics of innuendo and jargon. Hopefully, America's voters, and especially the new 18-21 year old voters Nixon is courting so blatantly, will not be sucked in by a tactic which libels the opposition while making a vote for Richard Nixon a measure of patriotism and commitment to the political, social and moral ideals of the nation.

Of course it is easy right now for Nixon to be running the campaign that he is. The false start of the Democrats and the sputterings since then of the McGovern machine have so widened the distance between incumbent and challenger as to allow Nixon the luxury of a frivolous campaign devoid of

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hard content. But this situation will change. Senator McGovern will never be the isolatable figure Nixon would make him, and the McGovern forces will not forever be at such loose ends as to be unable, as has been the case to date, to force debate on essential questions of foreign and domestic policy. At that time, Nixon will have no alternative but to face the real issues: the genocidal air war in Vietnam, U.S. postures at the Paris peace talks, defense spending, and the gamut of domestic problems ranging from busing at one end of the alphabet to welfare at the other.

Richard Nixon obviously intends to delay the confrontation of issues for as long as he can. But even if he ended his charade instantly, the memory should not be lost of these early weeks of campaign-'72, when he demonstrated that there is really no new Nixon at all, only an older and more astute one. That's not flattering to him—nor should it be reassuring to the electorate.

KROL IN MIAMI

Catholic religious leaders are not novel figures at national political conventions, though usually they are local personalities, whose residence gives them reason or excuse, as the case may be, to appear before the partisan political audience. Last week, John Cardinal Krol traveled from Philadelphia to be with Richard Nixon and the Republicans in Miami, where he delivered the benediction capping Mr. Nixon's acceptance speech, then posed for cameras and convention with Mr. Nixon, Mr. Agnew and convention chairman Representative Gerald Ford.

For most Americans, ourselves included, it was an indifferent sight. The gesture didn't harm. On the contrary, it may provide oblique return to organized Catholicism, when, for instance, some particularly Catholic concern needs a boost from Mr. Nixon to help it through Congress. One thinks of aid to parochial schools.

One wonders, however, where Cardinal Krol's convention appearance leaves the logic of his remarks following his election as president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops about the necessity of priests remaining apart from partisan politics. There's probably a qualitative difference between a Father Drinan in Congress and a Cardinal Krol on a political rostrum in Miami. But if there is, it is incumbent on Cardinal Krol to make clear what it is before he again calls on Father Drinan to resign his seat.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. The next issue will be dated September 22. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

Smiling Through With the G.O.P.

Miami Beach

This was a convention of slogans, sights and sounds. Of words that meant one thing and sights and sound that told you something else.

The sound of tear gas gun's report. Chinese firecrackers to usher in Miami's muggy dusk. Rocky Pomerance adopted the saturation tactics of Washington D.C.'s anti-riot squad: If it comes closer than 50 yards, gas it. The procedure was rough on old people who live in the one-room efficiences that surround the Convention complex. The gas got in everywhere. It even seeped out on to the Convention floor as Agnew was delivering his acceptance speech. But it was magnificent at breaking up mobs and kept the cops' casualty rate to a minimum. Also there was none of the nasty film footage of flailing batons chiding protesting backs.

The sight of wheelchairs and empty trousers below the knee. They permitted three legless vets to observe the final night's proceedings. Along with their solitary sign saying "end the bombing," they shuffled off to a corner of the hall. Which is the great casualty of this war? The three maimed and embittered veterans or the people who walked by them with an undisguised look of contempt and no understanding of what evil they have wrought. The President was speaking. "And finally —these were the last words in her diary: 'All are dead, only Tanya is left.' Let us think of Tanya and of the other Tanyas, and their brothers and sisters everywhere in Russia, in China, in America, as we proudly meet our responsibilities for leadership in the world in a way worthy of great people." Why, for the love of God, can't he translate Tanya into Vietnamese?

The slogan was still in my head the next morning, a universal chant that explains the meaning of what was taking place here this week. Equally usable by the rioters in the street, the vets in the wheelchairs and the people cheering the President. "Four more years! Four more years! Four more years!"

* * *

The President's campaign slogan for this year is "Nixon—Now More Than Ever." One can already hear the voice over TV commercials with the announcer giving just the right emphasis and pause to the words. The action pictures of Nixon in Moscow and Peking, a few shots of him visiting the troops and perhaps a long pan of a tranquil college campus. Yes, you can do a lot with that slogan. I wonder how long they spent devising it.

On the other hand there was the hushed sight of closed doors and uniformed rent-a-cops wherever the mighty of this party assembled. If the Democratic con-

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vention was an open mouth, this one was unending series of sealed lips. There were three layers of reality to the convention—the open, the closed and the concealed. The open was for newsmen, who appropriately enough have all been issued badges that say "limited access." These were usually the events being sponsored by the "Young Voters for the President" and bore as much relationship to the party apparatus as a locker room pep rally to the oddsmaker's point spread. The closed events were the surface reality of the Convention. The Rules Committee meetings, the Platform deliberations, the various state caucuses. If you managed to penetrate this layer by whatever means, all you found was a banal veneer of commonplace conflicts—the same kind of clashes the Democrats performed before the TV cameras last month. The real secret of the Republican party was stashed away on secluded yachts and private islands. It is, as Nicholas Von Hoffman wrote in the *Washington Post*, incredible how rich the controllers of the Republican party really are. The specter of George McGovern and his perfidious schemes to "soak the rich" have brought every nickel and dime multi-millionaire within shouting distance of the TV tube to Nixon's side. They were all down here, huddled together for coronation of the one man who now stands between them and that raving lunatic who wants to steal their fortunes. Nixon—Now More Than Ever, indeed!

The veterans' protest parade on Monday was an exercise in dignified and justified outrage. The distance between that march and the maurading band of thugs who ran down Collins Avenue Wednesday night, slashing tires, disabling buses, breaking windows and beating up those whose only crime was trying to get home from work on the wrong day is the distance between moral outrage and nascent facism. The bullies who pushed and shoved a middle-aged couple on their way to vote for Nixon-Agnew were little more than brown shirts in blue denim. Whatever the causes, whatever atrocities have made them that way, these punks were libidinally linked to the current status quo and mock what the veterans marched for. They don't want peace. They don't want radical change. They don't want America to come home to anything. They are like a cancer. With each new bombing raid, conspiracy trial, police riot, race war and governmental lie they grow stronger, their mindless brutality becomes more fashionable. They are nourished by all the evils that haunt this land, and like junkies, they wait for each new abomination to get them high. Their worst fear is that someone like McGovern might get into power and cut off the source of their strength. They need Nixon now more than ever—even worse than the cloistered millionaires.

* * *

It was Tuesday night and the Republicans were inside the next room nominating Nixon. Out in the outer lobby, a square room the size of two football fields, the press compound was flooded with "Young Voters for the President." They were 3,000 strong, shipped in by chartered plane from every corner of the country. Presently, the urchins were all lined up in careful order with several middle-aged men acting as drill sergeants, waiting for the final tally. As soon as the President was declared the winner, they all filed out on the floor of the convention for a spontaneous demonstration. They had been waiting in the back for an hour and in that time those reporters not on the floor had mercilessly peppered them with strings of probing questions. The most common tactic the kids used to defend themselves was to smile weakly and stare off blankly into space. Eventually, I managed to corner a live one with a sign that said "Boycott Parsnips." I ask her what it meant. "It's a joke," she tells me. "What kind of joke?" "Oh, it's about the lettuce boycott." "Do you think the farmworkers union is funny?" "Oh, I don't know. I just carry the sign." In a moment she was off and lost in a swirl of red, white and blue everything.

Inside on the convention floor, the 3,000 young sign carriers joined the old party war horses in a grand momentary unity, bridging the generation gap—Republican style. The band was playing, the signs were waving and everyone was chanting "four more years." High above the floor four huge nets of red, white and blue balloons opened up one by one. A steady torrent of brightly colored plastic and hot air engulfed the crowd. Gaily they began to systematically stomp on the balloons and for a brief moment their chant was wiped out by the sound of a thousand pops.

The phrase one has heard over and over again this week was "the new majority." A majority composed of staunch Republicans, traditional Democrats, threatened ethnics and bewildered young people frightened by the pace of change within the country. But it is not a new majority that Nixon is putting together. It is an old one. A majority whose Democratic counterpart McGovern unhorsed in the primary tournaments earlier this year and whose power is slowly ebbing away. If Nixon leads McGovern in the polls 2 to 1, it means one-third of the nation now agrees with what McGovern is saying. How many would have four years ago? Nixon's is an old majority whose hour may not have come but whose prime is already past. A majority made up of young kids who still are willing to carry any sign they are told to and of old people whose idea of a good time is stamping on balloons, of rich people who think they can hide their millions behind closed doors and crazies who long for some ultimate catastrophe, of animals who sneer at the end product of their patriotism and cops who pretend they can gas us all into tranquillity. Ironically, the sound of the tear gas going off and the balloons popping was practically identical. That's the way it was in Miami last week. Everything fit perfectly together.

PHIL TRACY

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LABOR AND THE INTELLECTUALS

PETER STEINFELS

THE CURIOUS fact that the AFL-CIO is refusing to endorse the Presidential candidate who has a 93 percent "correct" voting record by that organization's own scorekeeping may stimulate a new round of recriminations between labor and the "intellectuals." The obvious source of this bad feeling is the conviction on the part of most intellectuals that the war in Vietnam is despicable and criminal while the AFL-CIO doggedly pursues a foreign policy viewpoint about 45 degrees to the anti-Communist right of Professor Kissinger.

But there have been supplementary explanations offered. Most elegant is the Explanation Metaphysical: *Major premise:* It is the nature of intellectuals to hate Success and therefore its Incarnation on Earth, the United States of America. *Minor premise:* The American labor movement has been a success and thereby affirmed the United States of America. *Ergo,* intellectuals hate the labor movement. When pared down to essentials, this argument does seem a little scraggly, and wanting in a good deal of empirical backing which does not appear self-evident; but dressed up in the prose of, say, Ms. Midge Decter, it has a certain resonance; and boldly proclaimed at banquets for George Meany, it is, needless to say, well-received.

The predecessor of the Explanation Metaphysical was the Explanation Economical, and it went thusly: As the intellectuals have gained in income and status, they have left their working-class associations behind them and reversed their previous allegiance to unionism. The flaw in the Explanation Economical, and perhaps the reason it fell from popularity, is that it applies even more dramatically to the leaders of organized labor. After all, there aren't that many intellectuals who command salaries like George Meany's; more significantly, there are none who, a week after deciding what strategy to follow in the coming election, can join the President for a chat and nine holes of golf, as did Mr. Meany.

My own experience, and that of intellectuals I know, reveal a very different perspective on the current estrangement. Perhaps this experience is not typical. I offer it, at any rate, to the Metaphysicians and Economists for their contemplation. Like many Americans who did not come from union families, I eventually encountered unions directly while holding summer jobs; I belonged to two, and learned to appreciate the degree of protection and dignity they offered, quite apart from the better wages. This impression, I admit, was not universally received by my friends; but long before that, the labor movement had occupied a very definite spot in my view of the world. From a slightly cosmeticized version of papal statements I gained the impression that labor occupied an intermediate zone of holiness, like sacramentals. More important, from an uncosmeticized version of U.S. history, I learned the crucial role of organized labor in making life decent for the ordinary wage-earner and his family. About the time I received the folk wisdom that no Catholic could become President of the United States, I made the discovery that Catholics had a funny way of becoming the leaders of national labor organizations. That evened things up: to be president of the AFL or CIO (or AFL-CIO) struck me as an honor and responsibility equivalent to that of the U.S. Presidency. Among the heroes of those years of youthful politicization were the "labor priests"; and when, some years afterward, in my late teens, I happened to be invited to lunch with Msgr. George Higgins, I was too awestruck to say a word. I am sure I was about as noticeable to Msgr. Higgins as the salt and pepper shakers.

My first job in journalism was sweeping the floors, answering the phone and clipping the Congressional Record for *Work,* a monthly concerned with labor problems, published by the Catholic Council on Working Life in Chicago. My first time on a picket line did not occur in the civil rights campaigns of the early '60s or the even later anti-war efforts. It occurred when Victor Gotbaum, now a McGovern-supporting leader of the State, County and Municipal Employees in New York, was trying to organize Chicago hospital workers in 1959. Nor did any of this activity involve exotic notions of labor as a revolutionary force. We wanted the unions to open up to blacks (we said Negroes, of course) when they were segregated and to avoid involvement with racketeers. We were not yet in disagreement over foreign policy questions. Bread-and-butter unionism was thoroughly understood; no one was waiting for the Great Proletarian Uprising.

When I look around me, I see a number of others who might be ranked among the hostile intellectuals by some labor spokesmen, but whose experience with labor can hardly be called superficial or detached. The editor of this journal was once an unpaid union organizer. Maurice Berube, who has written frequently on educational matters for *Commonweal* as well as on the New York school strike which so embittered relations between labor and intellectuals, came up through the Association of Christian Trade Unionists (ACTU), and later worked for the United Federation of Teachers. My friend Phil Tracy, now doing excellent political coverage for the *Village Voice* (the very heart of darkness as far as the labor spokesmen are con-

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SALESMAN OF DEATH

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Since 1945, the United States has been the principal exporter of arms to the Third World.

"In a perfect world," Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul C. Warnke told a Congressional committee in 1968, "we wouldn't have to deal with arms sales." But, in the imperfect world which we inhabit, "we are no more in a position to discontinue our supply of arms to our friends than we are in a position to disarm unilaterally."

Warnke, who was testifying on behalf of the Pentagon's Foreign Military Sales (FMS) program, presented the traditional justification for arms sales abroad: if our allies have the money, it is in our interest to sell them the weapons they need to equip their defense forces. In recent years, however, other—and perhaps more persuasive—arguments have been found for the FMS program: first, that sales of military equipment to foreign governments can contribute significantly to the reduction of America's balance-of-payments deficit; and second, that credit-assisted sales enable us to continue arming friendly governments in the underdeveloped "Third World" without requiring direct subsidies from the declining foreign aid program.

A recent study conducted by the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency determined that military spending by underdeveloped nations is growing at a rate of nine percent per year—twice the rate of developed countries, and also twice the rate of economic growth in the Third World. Government Business Worldwide, a private information service, predicts that underdeveloped countries will spend $5.5 billion on the acquisition of new arms in 1972—almost double the amount spent in 1968. Since most countries seek to acquire the most modern weapons available, they have been forced to buy from the handful of nations which possess a modern arms industry. According to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, four countries—the United States, Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union—supplied 87 percent of the major weapons systems acquired by underdeveloped countries between 1950 and 1969. The United States, since 1945 the principal exporter of arms to the Third World, has campaigned vigorously to maintain its lead in the face of increasing competition from Europe and the Communist Bloc.

The Foreign Military Sales program was originally established in the postwar period as an adjunct to the grants furnished under the Military Assistance Program (MAP). The sales effort thus shared the MAP program's Cold War goal of strengthening "Free World" defenses against anticipated Soviet invasions. George Thayer, author of a major study of the weapons business, has written that: "Our arms and program was originally conceived to promote the defensive strength of the West against the Communist threat and to promote the concept of cooperative logistics—i.e., the use of common weapons systems—among allies. It was grounded in the knowledge that most of our allies were militarily vulnerable and in the belief that the Soviet Union was about to march into Western Europe and several other areas. Thus, the United States began to ship large quantities of weapons to its allies, who, it was hoped, would help stem the Soviet tide."

Since, in the immediate postwar era, most of our allies were unable to shoulder the burden of their own and the common defense, the United States gave generously of its own resources to remilitarize Western Europe and "forward defense countries" on the borders of the Soviet

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Union. Only when our NATO partners had completely rebuilt their war-shattered economics did we begin to ask them to pay for some of the military equipment they were receiving in such abundance. Between 1946 and 1961 the United States gave away arms worth $25 billion, while sales amounted to only $2.5 billion.

The Kennedy Administration

When President Kennedy took office in 1961, the goals of the FMS program changed radically. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, who sought to expand the Pentagon's conventional warfare capabilities, recognized that overseas deployment of U.S. troops (and other war-related activities in Southeast Asia) would contribute to an ever-increasing balance-of-payments deficit. In order to compensate for increased U.S. military spending abroad, he sought to persuade our allies in Western Europe and Asia to make substantial purchases of U.S. weapons. While the Pentagon has never listed specific sales goals, it is widely known, for instance, that the United States is pressuring West Germany to spend $750 million on American military hardware annually to offset the costs of stationing 200,000 U.S. troops in that country. Growing Congressional opposition to the grant system of the Military Assistance Program provided McNamara with an additional reason to expand the sales program: from a peak of $5.75 billion in 1952, MAP aid dropped to $678 million in 1967. To ensure that the flow of weapons to our client regimes in the Third World continued without interruption, McNamara established an elaborate program of credits and loans which made it possible for poor countries to obtain funds for the purchase of U.S. arms.

In order to expedite foreign sales of American military equipment, McNamara in 1961 established a Pentagon sales agency, the International Logistics Negotiations Office (ILN), and appointed Henry J. Kuss Jr. to head the FMS promotion campaign. Often compared to Sir Basil Zaharoff, the original "Merchant of Death," Kuss was promoted to Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense in 1964 for his success in boosting military sales. "Henry wore a homburg," one of his friends told journalist Peter Chew, "but he wasn't a Zaharoff . . . McNamara simply appointed him vice-president and general manager in charge of pushing arms in the far corners of the globe—and Henry pushed them." While heading the ILN office, Kuss converted the Pentagon's military aid missions abroad into agents for the U.S. arms industry—a function they still serve. The results of this campaign were striking: between 1961 and 1967, U.S. arms sales increased sixfold—from $300 million to $1.8 billion annually.

In their drive to secure increased sales of American military products abroad, McNamara and Kuss established an elaborate array of programs for financing and consummating such trade. These programs include:

FMS Cash Sales: Under the Mutual Security Act of 1954 and other legislation, the Pentagon is authorized to make direct government-to-government sales of military hardware from U.S. stocks. Customers for this equipment pay the production price of each item; all revenues from such sales are deposited in the U.S. Treasury. Total cash sales between 1950 and 1970 amounted to $11.1 billion, while the total for 1971 and 1972 is expected to reach $2.7 billion.

FMS Credit Sales: When a potential customer for U.S. military hardware does not have sufficient cash reserves to pay for the desired weapons systems, the Department of Defense can finance all or part of the intended sale under the FMS credit program, allowing the recipient up to ten years to pay for the equipment. Funds for this purpose must be voted each year by Congress and, when repaid, be returned to the Treasury. Between 1950 and 1970, the Pentagon advanced a total of $1.9 billion to finance such sales, and another $1.3 billion is programmed for 1971 and 1972. Interest on these loans ranges between 5 and 6 percent; recently, however, the Pentagon has asked Congress to approve "concessionary" credit terms—3 percent interest and 20 years to pay—in order to further encourage purchases by Third World countries.

FMS Loan Guaranties: In order to generate additional funds for the purchase of U.S. arms, the Pentagon is authorized to guarantee loans made by private banks and lending institutions to foreign governments for the purpose of obtaining American military goods. Under the Foreign Military Sales Act, the Defense Department is required to maintain a reserve representing 25 percent of all outstanding loans. In recent years, such guaranties have amounted to approximately $100 million annually (entailing an appropriation of $25 million for the reserve fund).

Export-Import Bank Loans: Since 1963, the U.S. Government's Export-Import Bank (Eximbank) has been authorized to serve as an agent for the Department of Defense by making loans to foreign governments seeking to purchase U.S. weapons. In some years, arms transactions have accounted for up to 40 percent of the Eximbank's total business. Principal Eximbank customers are the advanced nations of Western Europe and the British Commonwealth—but Third World countries also have obtained funds from the Bank under a program known as "Country-X" loans, in which the identity of the borrower was known only to the Department of Defense. Country-X loans were prohibited under the Foreign Military Sales Act of 1968, and now the Eximbank can make loans to developed countries only. So far six countries—Britain, Australia, Italy, Spain, New Zealand and Austria—have borrowed a total of $1.8 billion from the Bank for defense purchases.

Direct Commercial Sales: Manufacturers of U.S. mili-

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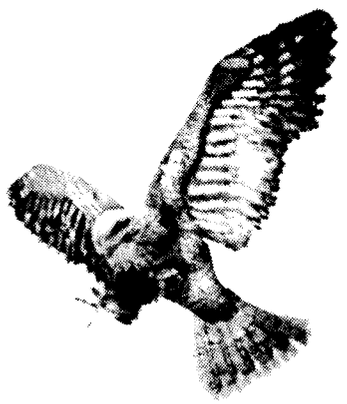
tary hardware seeking to sell their products abroad may do so after receiving a license from the State Department's Office of Munitions Control. Once a license has been issued (presumably after receiving the blessing of the Department of Defense and the White House), the Office has no authority to oversee such transactions or to otherwise regulate this industry. Total commercial sales for 1962-69 amounted to $3.5 billion, while sales for 1970 and 1971 came to an estimated $983 million. Europe, Canada and Japan accounted for the bulk of such purchases.

License Overseas Production: The Mutual Security Act of 1954 and associated legislation enable the Office of Munitions Control to permit private U.S. firms to sell licenses for the overseas production of U.S.-designed arms by foreign governments or firms. Such transactions can involve the sales of blueprints, the provision of components for overseas assembly, or the construction of complete factories. (An example of the latter is the arrangement whereby Colt Industries, Inc. will supply equipment for and supervise construction of an M-16



rifle plant in South Korea). Recent licensing agreements authorize the production of CH-53G Sea Stallion helicopters in West Germany and of McDonnell-Douglas F-4 Phantom fighter-bombers in Japan.

"Third Country" Arrangements: On occasion, the United States will permit a foreign government to sell or transfer its U.S.-supplied weapons to another country. Thus Venezuela recently concluded negotiations with the Canadian government for purchase of 20 Northrop CF-5 "Freedom Fighters" jets that had been produced under license in Canada. Theoretically all third country deals must have the approval of the Department of State; needless to say, however, such regulations are very difficult to enforce, while, in many cases, there is no desire to enforce them. In fact, such "third country" arrangements are sometimes employed when direct American sales would prove embarrassing to the U.S. Government. Thus a study commissioned by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations disclosed in 1967 that some F-86 Sabre fighters manufactured under license in Canada for use by the West German air force and later "sold" to Iran had ultimately wound up in the hands of Pakistan—despite an "official" U.S. ban on arms transfers to that country.

According to Department of Defense statistics, the United States sold arms worth a total of $17.4 billion between fiscal 1962 and fiscal 1971. Inventories of U.S. arms transfers compiled by the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London and the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute indicate that the principal beneficiaries of this growing arms trade are the aerospace companies which produce the jet aircraft, helicopters and transport planes currently being sought by foreign armed forces. Among the major U.S. arms exporters (and leading export items) are: Bell Helicopter Company (UH-1 Iroquois helicopter), Cessna Aircraft Company (T-37 and T-41 trainers), Hughes Tool Company (OH-6A Cayuse light observation helicopter), Lockheed Aircraft Corporation (C-130 Hercules transport), McDonnell-Douglas Corporation (A-4 Skyhawk and F-4 Phantom jets), Northrop Corporation (F-5 Freedom Fighter), and Sikorsky Aircraft (CH-53 Sea Stallion helicopter). As domestic orders for many of these aircraft dry up, their producers are increasingly turning to overseas sales in order to forestall closure of costly production facilities.

During the Kuss regime at ILN, the Pentagon's export campaign was directed at the most advanced and prosperous nations of Western Europe, Asia and the Middle East. Thus sales to developed countries amounted to $10.5 billion between 1962 and 1968, while sales to underdeveloped countries came to only $1.0 billion. As the 1960's progressed, however, the market for American military products in the developed nations began to shrink: worried that the increasing sophistication of modern arms would lead to the monopolization of weapons developed by the Soviet Union and the United States, many European nations (and later Japan) expanded their own arms industries in order to be assured that they would not be "frozen out" of advanced military technologies. U.S. sales to developed countries reached a peak of $1.6 billion in fiscal 1966, and then dropped to an average of $900 million annually in the succeeding five years. In order to make up for this decline in foreign sales, the Pentagon began to encourage substantial arms purchases by the Third World nations that had become dependent upon us for economic and military aid: no longer would our underdeveloped allies receive *gratis* the weapons we wanted them to have—instead they would be obliged to further tax their own citizenry in order to pay for the military equipment we persuaded them to buy. As a result of a vigorous promotional campaign, FMS sales to underdeveloped countries rose from $96 million in fiscal 1965 to $1 billion in 1971—a tenfold increase.

Increased U.S. weapons sales to the Third World is a major component of President Nixon's military policy. Under pressure from an aroused public and a war-weary

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Congress, the Administration has been obliged to withdraw American combat troops from Asia and to reduce the rate of defense spending at home. In order to protect American interests abroad from the threat of armed liberation movements, Nixon has forced our client regimes in the Third World to purchase substantial quantities of U.S. arms and to supply mercenaries for U.S.-led counterinsurgency operations. The Administration's plan was spelled out by Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard in 1970 as follows:

> The Nixon Doctrine places the Military Assistance Program and Foreign Military Sales in a special position in our foreign policy. It is now more important than ever that these two instruments of U.S. policy be put to optimum use in helping to reduce both the monetary and the manpower burden we now carry in honoring international obligations. I believe that the best hope of reducing our overseas involvements and expenditures lies in getting allied and friendly nations to do even more in their own defense. To realize that hope, however, requires that we must continue, if requested, to give or sell them the tools they need for this bigger load we are urging them to assume.
>
> That is why, in the interests of maintaining an adequate defense posture at minimum cost, the growing use of credit-assisted sales of military equipment, as well as increased military assistance, seem clearly indicated for the immediate future.

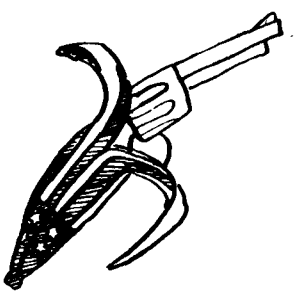
On the basis of this argument, Nixon in 1971 sought approval for the largest FMS appropriation since the onset of the program: $510 million in credits and loan guaranties were requested to help finance sales estimated at $2.1 billion. Exports to underdeveloped countries in 1971 and 1972 amounted to $1.8 billion, or twice the total sales for the entire 17-year period 1950-1967.

In the effort to increase arms sales to the developing areas, the Nixon Administration has had to overcome the resistance of a handful of Congressmen who—in an attempt to prevent more Vietnam-type wars—have sought to limit military exports to Third World nations. Led by Senators J. W. Fulbright and Stuart Symington of the powerful Foreign Relations Committee, these dissidents have been able to impose several restraints upon the FMS program. The Foreign Military Sales Act of 1968 limits annual arms exports to Latin America and Africa to $75 million and $40 million respectively, and compels the suspension of U.S. economic and military aid to underdeveloped countries which divert an "excessive" amount of their resources to the acquisition of weapons. Amendments to the Foreign Military Sales and Foreign Assistance Acts in subsequent years further restricted the transfer of advanced military equipment (particularly supersonic aircraft) to Third World countries.

The 1968 Foreign Military Sales Act and related legislation constitute a significant obstacle to President Nixon's effort to increase arms sales to underdeveloped countries, and Administration spokesmen have campaigned vigorously to overcome these restrictions. A major argument advanced by these officials holds that cuts in the FMS and MAP programs will cause a significant decline in American influence among the military elites which dominate many underdeveloped societies. Third World officers naturally seek the most modern weapons available for their troops, the argument goes, and therefore by refusing to sell them sophisticated arms we inadvertently cast doubt on their integrity and competence. Since, moreover, most major sales agreements are accompanied by the provision for on-site training and technical assistance, the cutback in such exports further weakens our ties with the indigenous military.

New York State Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who studied U.S. arms sales policies during the ill-fated 1969 Presidential mission to Latin America, reported that while most Latin American military officers faithfully carried out their responsibility to defend American business interests against guerrilla movements,

> . . . they do not feel that this is their only role and responsibility. They are conscious of the more traditional role of a military establishment to defend the nation's territory, and they possess understandable professional pride which creates equally understandable desires for modern arms. . . . The result of all this is a natural resentment on the part of the military of other American nations when the United States refuses to sell modern items of equipment.



In order to retain the loyalty of the Latin American military, Rockefeller insisted that it was essential to adopt new legislation that would "permit the Government to sell aircraft, ships and other major military equipment without aid-cut penalties to the more developed nations of the hemisphere when these nations believe this equipment is necessary to protect their land, patrol their seacoasts and airspace, and otherwise maintain the morale of their forces and protect their sovereignty."

Administration spokesmen also argue that there are now a multitude of nations engaged in the arms trade and therefore Congressional restraints on U.S. arms sales will not halt the flow of arms to underdeveloped coun-

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tries since there is nothing to stop them from turning to other suppliers for their needs. In a 1969 statement to the Senate Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere affairs, Assistant Secretary of State Charles A. Meyer indicated that the nations of Latin American "consider that they cannot further delay their military modernization programs," and that while these countries would prefer to obtain American equipment, current restrictions are forcing them to purchase more expensive European substitutes. "The long-term consequence of our paternalistic, even patronizing, restriction," Meyer warned, "will be the acquisition of more expensive items, higher maintenance costs, and greater diversion of financial resources from civilian purposes."

Backed by these arguments, the Administration is pressuring Congress to raise the ceilings on arms exports to Latin America and Africa. Not content, meanwhile, to await the outcome of this legislative campaign, President Nixon in 1971 exercised his option (under Section 33c of the Foreign Military Sales Act), to exceed the $75 million limit on arms transfers to Latin American.

* * *

Pentagon spokesmen frequently assert that the U.S. arms sales effort is not intended to foster a weapons race in the Third World. We are not "arming small nations so that they can attack one another," Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul C. Warnke told Congress in 1968. Nevertheless, the cumulative impact of U.S. sales programs has been to quicken the pace of militarization in underdeveloped areas and to help fuel an upwardly spiraling "balance of terror" in certain key areas that threatens to precipitate a major world war.

Among factors which tend to spur arms purchases by Third World nations, the efforts of the United States to reduce its balance-of-payments deficit and to retain the loyalty of Third World military officers have already been mentioned. Since, moreover, the United States has a near-monopoly on sales of advanced-technology hardware to non-Communist countries, many European arms producers have worked energetically to promote sales of conventional weapons to Third World countries (and particularly to Latin America and the Near East). The United States, in turn, has been compelled to liberalize its export policies so as not to lose its customers in these areas. This competition between the arms producers has naturally induced a parallel and complementary competitiveness between the arms recipients: when one nation obtains supersonic jets or modern tanks, its neighbors and rivals naturally feel a need to obtain equivalent or superior weapons in order to protect their security. This process has led to the alarming spread of relatively sophisticated arms to otherwise backward and impoverished nations. In its recently-completed study of *The Arms Trade with the Third World,* the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) provides dramatic evidence of the ever-growing flow of advanced weapons to underdeveloped countries. Thus in 1957 only one nation, Israel, possessed supersonic jets; twelve years later, 33 countries—including Afghanistan, Ethiopia, the Philippines, Uganda, Yemen, Peru and Nigeria owned such aircraft.

Even while its sales policies contribute to a growing arms race in the underdeveloped areas, Washington is striving to maintain a relative "balance of terror" in certain strategic areas torn by political, religious and economic strife. This is most apparent in the Middle East, where current U.S. policy calls for the maintenance of military parity between Israel and its Arab neighbors. While such a policy can, in some instances, contribute to the preservation of peace, it is ultimately destabilizing when motivated by rivalry between the big powers (in this case between the Soviet Union and the United States) which are the main suppliers of weapons to the small powers. Thus when one side in the local dispute receives an increment in military strength from its patron, the other rivals must immediately obtain additional hardware from their own patrons if the power balance is to be maintained. When there is no agreement between the big powers for restraint in weapons sales, each transfer of arms to one country sets off a chain of sales to other countries in the region. This process perpetually threatens to precipitate armed conflict: for when one country feels that it has a temporary advantage in firepower it will naturally be tempted to invade its weaker rival (as, for instance, when India invaded Pakistan in 1971); while, conversely, when a nation suspects that pending arms transfers will shift the balance of power in favor of a rival, it will naturally consider immediate invasion in order to preclude a future attack by a stronger opponent (as demonstrated by the Israeli attack on Egypt in 1967). As the flow of weapons to such areas accelerates, we head closer and closer to a conflagration of catastrophic proportions. And even if war does not come, the growing sales of arms to underdeveloped nations will divert scarce resources from desperately needed development projects and further perpetuate the depressed status of Third World peoples.

Ultimately, it is the drift and intent of American foreign policy itself that causes the military sales program to fuel the arms race in the Third World. As witnessed most dramatically in Southeast Asia, United States policy calls for the preservation of pro-U.S. regimes in all countries threatened by revolution, and the maintenance of anti-Communist governments elsewhere in the Third World. Such a policy leads to a pattern of arms transfers which SIPRI describes as *hegemonic;* according to the Institute, there are three ways in which the supply of weapons can reinforce hegemony:

> First, arms can be provided to enable local forces to perform military tasks which are in the interests of the supplying country. . . . Secondly, the supply

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of arms may serve to strengthen the relationship between the supplying country and the recipient government. In this case, the supplying country may have little or nothing to gain through the use of weapons. Having received arms, the recipient country becomes, in some degree, militarily dependent upon the supplying country, which can then demand favors or threaten to withhold spares or further supplies if the recipient does not comply with its interests. . . . Thirdly, the supply of arms may provide the opportunity for influencing individuals in the recipient countries, in particular those in the military establishment. This occurs when contacts are made between the military personnel of the two countries and when military training accompanies the provision of weapons.

As anyone who has studied the Pentagon's arms sales program can testify, the United States has engaged in all of the practices cited by SIPRI. As long as American foreign policy retains the objectives described above, military sales will continue to play a key role in American relations with the Third World.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF PRISONERS

DANIEL BERRIGAN

A letter from Danbury, U.S.A., to Siberia, U.S.S.R.

Editor's Note: This essay is a revised version of a letter written by Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., while he was in Danbury Prison and a few weeks before the Harrisburg Trial, to a member of his own family on the work of Horst Bienek, an East German poet, novelist and screenwriter, and pupil of Brecht, who had been imprisoned in a Siberian forced labor camp for five years. Bienek's novel, The Cell, *will be published this month by Unicorn Press with this article as an introduction.*

Someday I hope it will be possible to say, face to face to Horst Bienek, Thank you for your poems and your novel; then I would like to be able simply to sit down and be silent with such a man. So much life, such truthfulness and vitality, a cunning intricate grace drawing on bible symbols; a master of the common patrimony.

To read him in prison, as I am doing, is a little like reading the book of Revelations in the grave. Or so one imagines. I mean (clumsily) that modern life has pushed death in our faces, overdosed us with death, cosmeticized, trivialized, cheapened death, at the same time enormously inflating its vile pretensions. The supposition under which one even enters life today is that he belongs to the Kingdom of death; this is his only ticket of citizenship. This is the message on the lips of the butcher-surgeon-technocrat who holds aloft the ruddy child, upside down, like a flayed rabbit, death's newborn trophy.

All this is tragic at first glance. But in reality it almost never arrives at the dignity of the tragic. So the symbols and artifacts of death (among which prisons must be accounted first) seldom produce tragic heroes—which is to say men twice-born, men alive to the truth of the world. Most often prison moves the soul in a quite opposite direction—into the trivial and distracting world, the cultural death occurring "outside." A man thirsts for that world, the debased playground of 'operators,' money men, gamesters, a world of appetite, frenzy and violence. And the thirst defines the man: or more properly, the unmaking of man.

Still now and again, an opposite process occurs. Among only a few, granted. Some discover, in the political decision to come to jail, a rationale that drives their existence into newer and newer forms of heroism, ecstasy, joy. Others are sentenced for the base reasons which in fact fuel the societal gears—and then get reborn in prison.

In these two instances, I would think the art and politics of Bienek are verified. The man whose reason is in accord with his deeds, has clean dreams.

I mean nothing pretentious or moralistic about this. Prison is the wilful suppression of conscious and subconscious life, into a single noisome mess. You hear interiorly all day the sound of the mad chopper falling; men are being amputated from all the ways of being men. Chop, goes joy; chop, valor; chop, the light of eyes; chop chop, the two hands of service. A basket case is trundled back into the world; he is stamped, like government-inspected meat; rehabilitated.

Now a tradition, at least as old as Caesar's block,

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., *is the anti-war priest and poet. His latest book is* America Is Hard To Find: Notes from the Underground and Letters from Danbury Prison *(Doubleday).*

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would deny the inevitability of all this. It is possible that something other than butchery of the spirit might occur in prison. Just possible, to be sure; the chances lean greatly in the other direction, as any prisoner knows. Still, a chance.

Death pushed up so close, death so multiplied, grown so great, so vainglorious, so colossal, so technologically and platonically perfect, so in command (effortlessly it seems) of first, second and third worlds, so sublimely indifferent to ideologies, rhetoric, youth; intelligence, sexual liberation; does not the encounter with this world-encompassing Goliath occur, in its classic, modern form—in prison?

But where death abounds, life more fully abounds. This is our hope—a hope which lights *The Cell* of Bienek.

What a strange sense of fraternity arises in the heart, as one reads his pages! A universal brotherhood—that of prisoners. Almost as though this were the form our faith were taking today—across the world; the arc produced by the counter-currents of life and death . . . A man sits in a cell in East Germany, condemned by the gone-to-seed bureaucrats who have defiled the revolution. He is quite worthy of death, but he is certainly unworthy to move at large among citizens. He has witnessed, in his time in prison, in his travels between prisons, all those delicious refinements which 20th century barbarity has contributed to older "solutions." Let him see it all: he will soon see nothing but the concrete dusk of four walls. Enrich his memory, his mind's eye; prisoners shot at the wall, beatings, interrogations, electrical shocks. Let him have his day at the butcher's fair—the sights and sounds will build up in him a wealth of reaction; dread, nausea, tension, despair—the proper frame of mind for a prisoner whose case is by no means closed, the sensibility proper to a dead soul whose spiritual death is a strict requirement of the state, but whose vegetative functions, for reasons of convenience, were best retained for awhile.

Let him, that is to say, be immobilized, put to death in everything but his capacity for pain. Then we shall see.

Indeed, at that point, we began to see. The man of pain, in whom remained no wholeness, save his capacity for pain, retained something over and above this, of life. Which is to say, he was able to suffer, he was able to reflect, to be conscious, to resist, to submit, to go with the stream and to battle the stream. He discovered in his very capacity for anguish, that he was neither a corpse, nor a zombie nor a moral amputee. A wonderful moment; beaten into immobility, stricken and ill, his imagination awoke in him, like a phoenix in a filthy nest. The straw ignited and flared up and in its light he saw, he was confirmed and born anew; it was his epiphany.

He saw certain images. Before he saw them, he imagined himself. He saw a man, where his captors had thought to reduce and lobotomize and degrade him. He saw a way out, which was simultaneously a way in —to himself, to the springs and sources of existence, which were unpolluted, even in that place (even in this place!). He saw that his freedom must consist in fidelity, day after day and hour by hour, to the coherence and conscience which first set his feet on this way.

I think tonight of his struggle, one phase of which is over; and of our struggle, another phase of which is about to open. In a matter of weeks, my brother Philip will be taken from this prison to Harrisburg Court. There, he and seven others will begin another long and complex trial, on charges of conspiracy brought by the government. For Philip, the fourth trial in six years: all four stemming from his unalterable resistance against the war in Vietnam. A six-year sentence from the first trial, a three-year concurrent sentence from the second, another three years concurrent from the third . . . a possible sentence of up to 30 years from the Harrisburg case.

We who had imagined, only ten years ago, that our lives would run a fairly predictable course, now understand in a kind of ironic wonder: we are going to be jailbirds, possibly for a considerable time. We have been initiated, and with some public noise, into the universal bruderschaft of bars, locks, and frozen clocks. Imagine it! honorable clerics of the second estate if not the first, their liturgical plumage plucked, searched, cuffed, fitted out in the universal dun khaki, rising, sleeping, eating by rote and bell, instructed in Caesar's law and order, doing time cheek by shoulder with chicanos, blacks, unbelievers, Muslims, Jews, that universal brotherhood of conspicuous consumers and invisible poor.

Brought to our senses, to say it simply, by the sufferings and immortal courage of Asian peasants. How shall we praise them? In comparison to anything we have been summoned to endure—but our mouths are stopped in shame. The Vietnamese people "in many more labors, in prisons more frequently, in lashes above measure, often exposed to death."

Thus, dear Horst, the first world struggles toward this supernal laureate, already attained, thanks to certain peerless European Leaders, thanks also to America, that Iceman of the Cold War, who Cometh, a prize already plucked again and again, with bloody and arrogant ease, by heroes of the second world and the third. Plucked as though in your own garden, this fruit of immortality; plucked, (we suspect) as though it were native to certain soils and climates (a wide variety in fact, from Siberia to Cuba to Vietnam). But somehow, until very recently, the prize resisted our most cunning horticulture, the blessing of our priests, the skill of that genius known around the world for its turning of tricks in nature. No American heroes; or, so few!

Maybe, a beginning. Thanks to the heroes and vic-

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tims of Vietnam. A beginning, here.

You remember perhaps the story of an Elizabethan Jesuit poet, Robert Southwell. He was hanged, drawn and quartered before a holiday crowd. As he was pulled down and the butcher's steel opened his body, a drop of blood struck the face of a youth in the front rank of the crowd. He had come to the unspeakable scene as to a picnic. But the blood of the martyr scalded his soul; a few years after, he died on the same scaffold.

I think often of that boy, and his rebirth in blood. I think he is very like America. I believe the blood of the Vietnamese, like the blood of Jesus, is generative. And I thank the martyrs, with all my heart, for bringing my brother and me to birth.

I thank you too, and I honor you. You have sent your nightmares, your voodoo, your sacramentary, your witch's cookbook, your open sesame, your Revelations—across the Styx. Even the dead are literate, and grateful as well.

Has it been decreed that that journey is one way, that the dead do not return? Your book is a return— through it, you have returned. A springing of the locks of death and hell. I wish here to be neither fanciful nor high-flown. You see, I refuse all obeisance to the King of hell, or to any of his analogates; and I believe in the Resurrected One, and in all his analogates. And I believe that your prose and poetry are another clue that the journey into death is a round trip, round and various and living as the world itself. The journey turns on itself, and the final word belongs to life.

I wish finally to dedicate a prison poem to Horst Bienek.

I put to myself a fool's calling
take seriously a few things
that for inattention, distraction
(the irresolute eyes of the rich and drugged)
go by the century's board
At center eye
lost among money sacks, staining them red
I saw, as though eyes were for seeing (a fallacy)
and cried aloud (a crime)
Murder murder murder for sale
for hire for lending for free—
apples and lemons and chestnuts and murder
products service murder, statistics goods murder

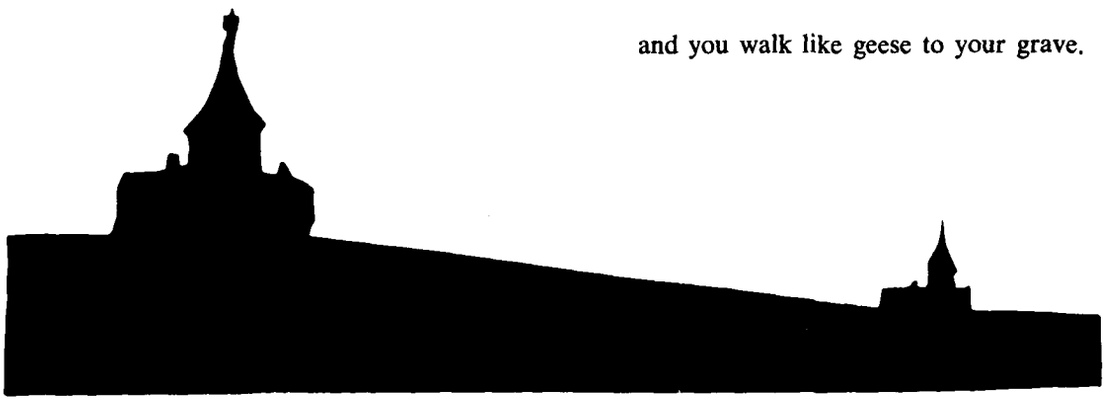
and for this, reverend collars of mink.
I sojourn here
having at your hands perished
(bones fused case closed)
and you walk like geese on my grave

where in spite of all
I am served
manna by ravens
am taught to pavanne
by the peacock incised on my stone
and the locks and bars
flower like a bridegroom's trellis
and the turning worm
eats my death to the bone.

and you walk like geese on my grave

and the mink at your throat fastens
teeth at your throat and whispers
certain directions

and you walk like geese to your grave.



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THE SCREEN

The way Cliff Robertson tells it, the idea for his new picture was born one night several years ago on a ranch high up in the Colorado Rockies. Robertson was visiting his uncle, a frustrated novelist by Cliff's account, and uncle suggested a movie script about a rodeo rider who, released after a ten-year prison sentence, goes back on the rodeo circuit hell-bent to make up for lost time. This is the fellow who has now turned out to be *J. W. Coop,* the title role which producer-director Robertson plays in his film. Once out of prison J. W. pays a visit to his loony old ma (Geraldine Page) before lighting out for the nearest rodeo grounds in a reconditioned Hudson Hornet. Travelling subsequently by thumb, surplus ambulance and bi-plane, J. W. finally arrives at the Grand National in New York. Along the way he's had his heart busted by a hippy (Christina Ferrare), and in New York a Brahma bull pretty well breaks up the rest of him.

Like J. W.'s pursuit of a national championship, Mr. Robertson's filmaking has been hampered by a tight schedule and a shoe-string budget. Robertson shot his whole film in thirty-three days, and it shows. As the film progresses the pressure begins to tell on Cliff even more than J. W. It's a good guess that the script was shot in sequence, for in the first half of the film the direction has time to show us some local color and to establish the atmosphere of a rodeo grounds. The best scene in the film is one in which some crusty rodeo riders just sit around a trailer talking shop.

But as the film goes on, you can see that Robertson had less and less time for such necessary luxuries. In order to hurry and get his story told in the later parts of the film, he sacrificed not only *mise en scène* but also character development. He tightened up his scenario until it is, at times, little more than short-hand vignettes. The death of J. W.'s mother becomes a take of him in a phone booth followed by a take of him walking out of a church. The departure of his sweetheart is reduced to a one shot of him alone in bed looking at some *memento mori.*

What makes this economy both inept and inapt is that, at the same time the cinematic technique is becoming so sparse, the script is trying to turn itself into *Giant.* The further along the movie goes, the more distinctly you can hear Cliff's uncle inspiring the whole production that night at the ranch years ago. The story drones on and on, the teller becoming more and more wrapped up in it while it becomes more and more preposterous. Finally by the early hours of the morning, it's so overblown that its original subject and its regional character have been lost. Like J.W., Cliff's uncle shouldn't have tried to make it all the way to the Grand Nationals in just one season.

A couple of times in Sam Peckinpah's new film, *Junior Bonner.* people repeat the old saw, "If you've seen one rodeo, you've seen them all." Although there is supposed to be irony in the way this is said, it rings embarrassingly true where rodeo films are concerned. There's some indication of the sameness of these films in the fact that Peckinpah's new effort also, like Robertson's, takes its title from the lead character's name. Notice that even the names themselves are similar—J. W. Coop and J. R. ("Junior") Bonner—each tagging its bearer as a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant yokel. All rodeo films are character studies, and the character never changes. The hero is a "misfit," according to the 1961 Arthur Miller-John Huston film in which Montgomery Clift played the rodeo rider. Or, to take a slightly older less fashionable idiom, the hero is one of *The Lusty Men,* as Nicholas Ray's 1952 film about rodeo riders put it.

So J. W. Coop and *Junior Bonner* unavoidably turn out much alike. For instance, both men have mothers. While J. W.'s is a little crazy, Junior's (Ida Lupino) is a little too sane; but the two women still seem to serve the same function in their son's lives, each being an emotional hatrack of sorts for her boy. For both Junior and J. W., however, the ritual combat with rodeo stock is more important than any human relationship. Peckinpah's film begins where Robertson's ends: with the obligatory footage—slow motion, of course—of our hero being thrown and stomped by a Brahma bull. This scene is your standard climax to most rodeo films. Since Junior has to recover sufficiently to be in the balance of Peckinpah's film, *Junior Bonner* is somewhat less tragic than J. W. Coop. But at the end of his film, Junior is trying to ride the same bull again. As I said, these rodeo films tend to go around in a rather small circle.

More distressing than the similarity of *Junior Bonner* to every other rodeo film is its similarity to every other Peckinpah film. After Peckinpah made *The Ballad of Cable Hogue,* he announced that he was swearing off cowboy films. Each of his last four films had dealt with the end of the frontier and the lonesome cowboy's pain at finding himself outmoded. But then Peckinpah went to England and made yet another Western, *Straw Dogs.* When I reviewed that film earlier in the year, it struck me how much Peckinpah was repeating himself. In *Junior Bonner* the repetition is still more monotonous.

The movie's only grace, though not a saving one, is Peckinpah's use of Steve McQueen in the role of Junior. Usually when McQueen's assignment is to play a noble loser like Junior, his acting is undercut by his good looks. He's so handsome and has such nice moves

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that all us men in the audience want to be him, no matter how pathetic his lot in life as a character. But Peckinpah has had McQueen hunch his shoulders and crook his neck in a way that makes his Adam's apple stick out. He has achieved for McQueen that scrawny, hang-dog look so typical of real cowboys. For once McQueen at least looks his part.

Nevertheless, the film is unsatisfactory. Rodeos and rodeo riders lend themselves too easily to the themes that Peckinpah has been belaboring from *Ride the High Country* through *The Wild Bunch* and *Cable Hogue*. In lieu of J. W.'s Hudson Hornet, Junior has a father (Robert Preston). who is an archetypal Peckinpah character—an old cuss always hustling another grubstake for his silver-mining schemes so he won't have to face the failure of his way of life. But I'm afraid the character itself is all petered out. Junior's father represents the last tailings of a lode that Peckinpah had really mined out about three pictures ago.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

DEATH OF A LITERARY RADICAL

MICHAEL TRUE

Paul Goodman
1911-1972

His voice—argumentative, even strident—is still so evident and necessary a part of the American literary scene: an essay in the recent *New York Review of Books* showed him perhaps not at the height of form as our leading propagandist for anarchist politics. But it is a useful and comprehensive reminder of his approach, steadily maintained since the late '30s, of ploughing into a situation. taking action, coming up with a new idea.

It is really quite impossible to believe that Paul Goodman—poet (*Hawkweed,* 1967), psychologist (*Gestalt Psychology,* 1955), novelist (*The Empire City,* 1959), teacher (*Compulsory Miseducation,* 1964—is dead. Not the least among his achievements were his writings on the breakdown of belief and the emergence of a new metaphysics, in "Religion During a Time of Dehumanization" (1967) and *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative* (1970) and in various prayers and poems. The list is only a partial bibliography: the many imitations, plagarisms, emandations by other writers would make a list several times as long.

Although a constant participant in seminars, teach-ins, institutes, and conferences across the country (most recently on "Adequate Action for a Human Future," in Conway, New Hampshire, Goodman did not live long enough to receive the acclaim he deserved. So persistent and wearisome an antagonist, doggedly challenging his own as well as others' ideas, he may receive now the full and serious attention that might have been paid him earlier. One can only guess at the countless books, articles, dissertations to be prompted by his original contributions to several disciplines.

Among modern writers no one quite equals the breadth of his interests. One thinks, for comparison, of Tolstoy, whose writings on education, politics, and literature Goodman's work resembles. Yet as anarchist and pamphleteer, he most obviously resembles another Russian prince, Peter Kropotkin. In America his closest counterpart was the social and literary critic Randolph Bourne, whose assault on the intellectual establishment, whose writings on youth and pragmatism made Bourne the patron saint of an earlier wartime generation.

In the midst of his life as a literary radical, as reigning and perpetual faculty adviser to the student movement of the 1960's, Goodman always regarded himself as a traditionalist, a child of the Reformation (Luther and Milton) and the Enlightenment (Kant and Jefferson) and even as a Classicist. Such a prodigious and impressive patrimony might seem pretentious when claimed by most men. But Goodman wore the mantle lightly, and he made his immense learning available, useful, and exciting to anyone who wished to share it.

The most vivid picture in my mind of Goodman is the one described in his own message to the National Security Industrial Association in November, 1967; while thirty students picketed and leafletted the auditorium on the outside, Goodman read the riot act to the militarists and industrialists on the inside: "You are unfitted by your commitments, your experience, your customary methods, your recruitment, and your moral disposition [to provide Research and Development for the Socio-Economic Environment of the 1970s—the theme of the conference]. You are the military industrial of the United States, the most dangerous body of men at the present in the world, for you not only implement our disastrous policies but are an overwhelming lobby for them, and you expand and rigidify the wrong use of brains, resources and labor so that change becomes difficult. Most likely the trends you represent will be interrupted by a shambles of

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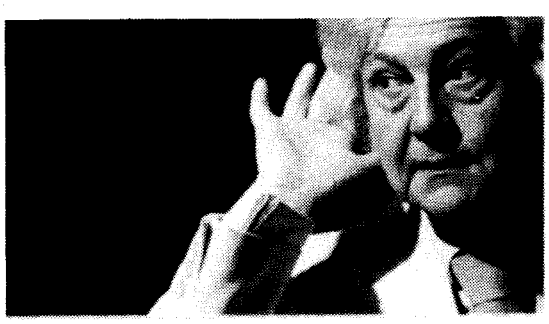

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riots, alienation, ecological catastrophes, wars, and revolutions, so that current long-range planning, including this conference, is irrelevant. . . . The best service that you people could perform is rather rapidly to phase yourselves out, passing on your relevant knowledge to people better qualified, or reorganizing yourselves with entirely different sponsors and commitments, so that you learn to think and feel in a different way. Since you are most of the Research and Development that there is, we cannot do without you as people, but we cannot do with you as you are."

In a country, culture, and time it was practically impossible to grow wise in, Goodman managed to find a place, to make room for himself, to say in a splendid way, "Make room for me, World. I'm here!" As he said of Milton, Goodman "insisted on keeping all the parts together, freedom and power, sexuality and adulthood, poetry and citizenship." The tragic aspects of his own bisexuality are vividly recounted in an essay, "The Homosexual as Nigger," that appeared in *WIN* magazine several years ago, in thinly disguised episodes in *Making Do* (1963) and in several poems. As with so many of his casual and hastily written pieces, even those slight letters and reviews reprinted in *The Society I Live in Is Mine* (1962), our literature is richer for them.

Goodman thought of himself principally as a poet. His early and latest books are concerned with aesthetics, the first based upon his doctoral dissertation at the University of Chicago, *The Structure of Literature*, and the latest, *Speaking and Language A New Defense of Poetry*. Literature, its form and structure were a major preoccupation. But much as I admire his poems, I can only regard his major contribution in a more personal way: the books I find most original are the ones on education which, in the early 1960's, after the horrors of graduate school, made education seem a possible and community a desirable goal. Two books that also bear frequent re-reading are *Drawing the Line* (1965) and *Communitas* (1947), the first an anarchist pamphlet, the second a meditation on city planning.

The kind of society that Goodman envisioned is constantly in the making, a place for poetry and politics; for him, the two were related, both potential means to full citizenship.

As a writer and particularly as a polemicist, Goodman was necessarily repetitious and occasionally pompous. But there is an urgency, a logic, a sweet reasonableness to his utopian essays and practical proposals, as he called them, that make most politically informed writings seem lifeless by comparison. It is for utopian statements such as the following that he will be read and remembered as one of the most remarkable people this pathetic country has produced in a tragic time: "The society I live in is mine, open to my voice and action, or I do not live there at all. The government, the school board, the church, the university, the world of publishing and communications, are my agencies as a citizen. To the extent that they are *not* my agencies, at least open to my voice and action, I am entirely in revolutionary opposition to them and I think they should be wiped off the slate."

"It is appalling," he said, "how few people regard themselves as citizens, as society makers, in this existential sense. Rather people seem to take society as a pre-established machinery of institutions and authorities, and they take themselves as I don't know what, some kind of individuals 'in' society, whatever that means. Such a view is dangerous because it must result in a *few* people being society-makers and exercising power over the rest. . . . The result must be and has been stupid standardization, stupid neglect, stupid injustice, and a base common denominator of valuation. There is no remedy except large numbers of authentic citizens, alert, concerned, intervening, deciding on all issues and all levels."

Although his first stories and essays began to appear forty years ago, Paul Goodman was late in attaining the fame that he rightfully regarded as proper recognition of his talent. The long years that preceded his initial popular success as author of *Growing Up Absurd* (1960) were lonely and frustrating. In his autobiographical journal, *Five Years: Thoughts in a Useless Time* (1966) (his only really bad book), he described them at length. And in three volumes of poetry, set in the city and in New Hampshire, where he died (in sonnets, ballads, and narratives), he wrote his experience into verse. He said, for example, in a poetic sequence entitled "Exiles": "I imagine Paradise to be/ the beauty I haven't yet met/ I call it Morning, it is my best map/ my city plan where I wander/ confused, but do not stay/ an ambiguous moralist/ but my lust is authentic."

If a better world could have been argued into being, Paul Goodman would have done so. But it is enough for one man, in the midst of the present mess, to have at least envisioned it, to have reminded us of a potentially beautiful, reasonable, and erotic world and to have shown practically as well as theoretically what might be done to bring it into being.

MICHAEL TRUE *is associate professor of English at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass.*

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ROBERT BEUM

A Psalm for Summer

Morning spun without care
and still with buzzing,

idle sun making honey
in the air and the heart,

easy start of a day,
easy we go forgetting

our cunning, forgetting
every way but the way

to the fields of summer,
the honey of praise.

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BOOKS

Modern sexuality: bunk and debunkery

The New Sexuality: Myths, Fables And Hang-ups

EUGENE C. KENNEDY

Doubleday, $5.95

Morality For Moderns

MARC ORAISON

Doubleday, $4.95

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON

The initially depressing implications of the main title of Eugene Kennedy's book are fortunately belied by the subtitle and the contents. Even if everything he says about the new sexual myths were mistaken it would still be a pleasure to relax with this expert essay in much needed debunkery. The awful stuffiness, the pompous arrogance, the earnest, cliché-ridden naiveté of the preachers of the new sexuality make one welcome any attempt, however clumsy, to prick the balloon of their smugness, which equals and occasionally surpasses the efforts of traditional moralists. This book, however, is not clumsy, and its truthfulness to experience is like a bathe on a hot day. It is, at times, wildly funny, and this is due as much to the ridiculous nature of some of the material as to the author's wit. However, he has a keen eye for the ridiculous, and has sensed that to be able to laugh at one's own anxieties is half way to being free of them.

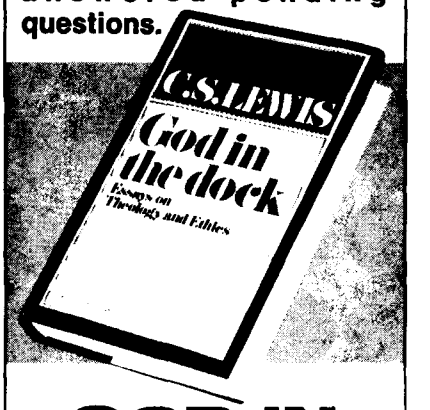
For the anxieties are real, and the purpose of the book is serious. It is tackling the complex web of anxiety-creating sexual myths, the new absolute morality of sexual achievement, which, in the name of freedom and a proper value for sexuality, has entangled as many people just as painfully and hopelessly as ever the myths of the older morality managed to do.

The anxiety of the girl who thinks she has to be sexually available in order to be popular; the anxiety of the man who thinks he's lost his virility if his woman doesn't have an orgasm every time; the anxiety of the wife who feels she is letting the women's side down if she doesn't demand more from her husband than her love for him shows her he can manage to give; these are just a few of the miseries caused by acceptance of the infallible pronouncements of the sex manuals and the sex-gurus. And yet all these anxieties are based on fallacies which have been exposed over and over again when careful research or just commonsense careful observation has been applied to the matter. The myths are tough and survive scientific battering.

The sad thing is that some of them began as efforts to free people from other, destructive myths, like the one that a woman who really enjoys sex is morally suspect (see Leontes in 'The Winter's Tale,' roused to maniacal suspicion because his wife likes sex—with him!). The creepy myths about masturbation, too, certainly needed to go, but it doesn't really help to replace them with new ones which encourage people to remain at an infantile sexual level.

At one point the author seems to me to have failed to grasp the complexity of the problem, however, and this is in passages dealing with women's lib. (His uneasiness is indicated by his infuriating habit of referring to women's lib people as 'ladies," a word he does not apply to any other women.) He says some shrewd and necessary things about the implications of some women's lib attitudes which are not sufficiently recognized, in particular the psychological implications of the desire to bring up a child solo, the insistence on all-day nurseries, etc. One can't escape the impression that the children whom independent women are

Jacques Barzun says that *God in the Dock* is one book that has made him think . . . a book that answered pending questions.



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by C. S. Lewis

edited by Walter Hooper

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— Jacques Barzun, American Scholar

Lewis addresses himself both to theological and ethical questions. Whether he is discussing "Evil and God," "Miracles," "The Decline of Religion," or "The Humanitarian Theory of Punishment," his insight and observations are thoroughly and profoundly Christian. *God in the Dock* is very much a book for our time.

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going to 'have,' and cope with alone, as they think fit, are really being used as scapegoats for the men who don't seem to be suffering enough for their sins. The preoccupation with righting women's (real) wrongs leads to the treating of children, as well as unborn foetuses, as objects to be manipulated (or got rid of) as best suits the enhancement of the mother's ego and the need for revenge on the male. But although the author tries hard to be just, the real tensions and agonies that produced the women's lib movement don't seem to be fully appreciated. The exaggerations he dislikes, the emotional overcompensations and the sheer fanaticism, grow from roots much deeper and more important than he seems to realize. The myths, here, are probably vital to survival.

As a matter of fact (and this the author does not say) it seems possible that the women's lib movement has missed the boat, psychologically. They want to create a revolution in a society that is already doomed for reasons of which their wrongs are only part, though a large part. When the revolution is accomplished, if it is, they may find themselves possessed of a pyrrhic victory, for the real problems, politics and social structures of the future will not correspond to any of which their philosophy makes sense, or to which their strategy is applicable. But that is by the way. And we need myths, after all. It is necessary to de-bunk the destructive ones, but myths we must have.

Marc Oraison knows this, and re-presents some of the basic Freudian ones. After some initial bewilderment, I concluded that this book (published in French as 'Pour une Education Morale Dynamique,' which at least tells one what it is about) was written for people who had never read any books on psychology, sexual relationships, or the 'new morality.' It is simple to the point of naiveté, and its patient explanations of basic positions in psychology since Freud are breathtakingly banal. However, the simplicity (which is a virtue) is disguised to some extent by complexity of language, but I think this is mostly the fault of the translator, who in common with many others, doesn't seem to have grasped a fundamental fact about 'literary' French, which is that its threshold of *acceptable* pomposity is much higher than in English. (Is there such a word as 'conflictual'? If there is, there shouldn't be.)

We have learned to expect from M. Oraison a Christian compassion and insight into the struggles and hopes of real people. He is clearly a good therapist; he cares about people and respects them. Perhaps it is because he is himself so good at helping people that he falls into a dangerously naive optimism in describing the moral situation of young people, as well as the tools of his own trade. He refers to the 'rigorous honesty of scientific observation,' in the field of psychology. God help us. Well, maybe his own is. He preaches love as the root-value of moral decision (not a very new idea) and links it to St. Paul's subtle and realistic moral structures, but one wonders whether he has appreciated the compassionate pessimism of Pauline moral theology, which acts as a delicate and complex counterpoint to a soaring (supernatural) optimism. The biblical part of the book—the last few pages—is valuable, but it does not really compensate for such passages as this, about marriage as the last stage in the search for full relationship: "When a man and woman, both adults, ask the human society in which they live to recognize the reality of their mutual commitment, they are attaining the highest possible stage in their respective and common emotional and sexual development." [So then they stop developing?] *In other words,* when a young man is married [the woman seems to have got lost on the way to the church] . . . "the act of marriage signifies that the adult world must now recognize the existence of the youth's sexual personality at the same level as that of his father. If we wanted to express it in the jargon of psychoanalysis, we could say that marriage is the *final phase in the resolution of the castration complex.*" My italics. No wonder women's lib is driven to excesses. The chapter that contains this staggering chunk of Freudian *simplisme* ends with the assertion that young people need to discover the "ultimate moral value of marriage as defined by Christian tradition," but we must allow them "to perceive that ideal by allowing them the freedom—that is, the interior autonomy—to discover it for themselves." Which is fine for those who have the luck to have their 'interior autonomy' supported and guided by M. Oraison. Not such fun for those who are left to cope with the results of their own and other people's clumsy emotional experiments, unaided. When the exploiter and the exploited are equally ignorant of evil intent, and neither has a clue about what they are really doing to each other, and both believes it's bound to be fine—'interior autonomy' becomes a sick joke. And unfortunately there aren't enough people like M. Oraison to heal wounds

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REVIEWERS

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that can disable for life.

Eugene Kennedy's book is mostly negative. Marc Oraison's is positive all through—but if I had to choose a book for an anxious and hopeful teenager I know which it would be.

Puerto Rican Americans

JOSEPH P. FITZPATRICK

Prentice-Hall, $6.95 (cloth), $3.50 (paper)

We, the Puerto Rican People

JUAN ANGEL SILEN

Monthly Review Press, $5.00

LLOYD H. ROGLER

The reader with a general interest in ethnic groups or a particular interest in the life of the Puerto Ricans in the mainland will welcome Joseph P. Fitzpatrick's book. It is a compact, sensitive, and intelligent statement, and it is good sociology, too. *Puerto Rican Americans* is part of the Prentice-Hall series on ethnic groups in American life, published under the editorship of Milton M. Gordon.

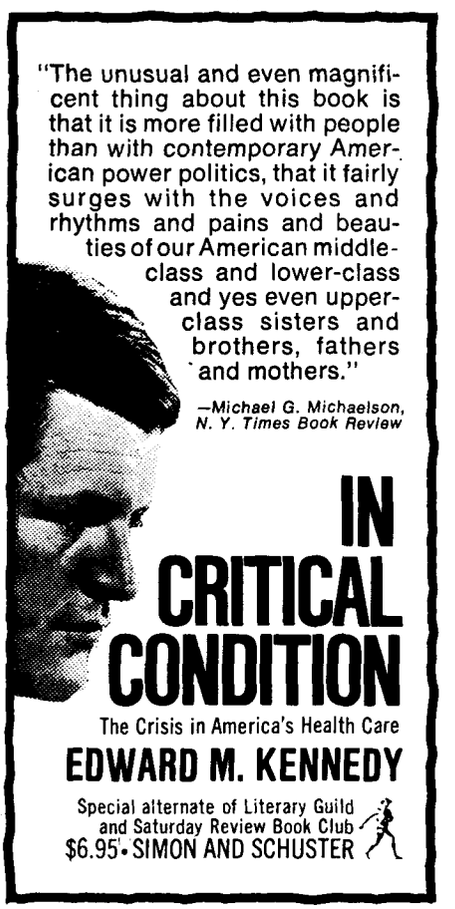
Fitzpatrick uses *identity* as a concept to impart a perspective upon the meaning of the Puerto Rican migration to the mainland. Identity refers to the shared answer the members of a definable cultural group give to the question, "Who are we?," as a means of distinguishing and locating themselves in the social world in which they live. It is more than this, however, for it involves those elements upon which a group builds a feeling of pride and communal solidarity among the members, either by drawing from its traditional culture or by forging a common-self interest in its interactions with the host society. The concept is part of a broader theory: If the members of a strong ethnic community are equipped with a favorable identity, then they will be effectively assimilated into the host society; if they are not so equipped, the opposite will result. Pride of ethnicity puts the person in a good position to confront the vicissitudes of life imposed upon him by his minority status.

The theory is not tested. Rather, it is used as a framework to examine the island background of the Puerto Ricans, the forces creating the migration to the mainland, the Puerto Rican community in New York City, the Puerto Rican family, religious beliefs, and practices, and a series of social problems associated with color, educational performance, dependency upon state welfare, mental illness and drug abuse. Many factors prevent the formation of a solid Puerto Rican ethnic identity; for example, their residential dispersion in New York City and elsewhere in the United States, the lack of a tightly knit religious community because of the absence of a distinctive Puerto Rican parish, the easy access to the island home, the split between the first and second generation migrant. The meaning of the migration is imbedded, therefore, in the Puerto Ricans' search for identity. It is more likely to be found in the development of a common ethnic interest than in the traditional elements of the culture. The search has become part of the nation's new politics of racial and ethnic minority group representation.

The book is at the same time a theoretically organized examination of the Puerto Ricans' experience in the mainland, an introduction to the Puerto Ricans based upon a careful use of the relevant literature, and an understanding effort to assess the meaning of the migration. But if the view can be taken that, "The sufferings of the Puerto Ricans today can be seen as the pains of a creative growth toward the future," surely another view is possible: that much of the suffering inflicted upon minorities ends in *nada* but the scars of the victims—devoid of redeeming benefits—as long as a nation with the capacity but not the will remains essentially uncommitted to the helping of minorities.

Juan Angel Silén's book starts where Fitzpatrick's ends: Angel Silén seeks the development of a favorable Puerto Rican identity by recasting the island's written histories, and in a call for revolutionary action. But the book's main title—*We, the Puerto Rican People*—is a misnomer in its pretension to speak in behalf of an entire people, and it begins with a patently untrue statement of purpose: "Since its chief purpose is to educate, it is not a propaganda pamphlet." Why not admit at the start the true purpose, that *it is* a propaganda pamphlet, then proceed to do the job well? After all, intelligent political advocacy performs a valuable—indeed, necessary—function in the market of competing ideologies of our day, and it needs no masking.

The author attempts a revolutionary Marxist revisionist history of Puerto Rico, the aim being the destruction of the myth of Puerto Rican passivity and docility which appears repeatedly in the island's literature and written histories. The myth is not just false but odious, too, because it serves and has served to legitimize the oppression of the oppressed, and the most vulgar forms of exploitation of the island, first by Spain, then the United States, and by structurally privileged groups in Puerto Rican society serving as accomplices. The view of Puerto Rican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history advanced is the, ". . . violent confrontation between people and oppressor." References to historical incidents of violent resistance are given, and toward the end of the book, the society is portrayed as on the verge of revolutionary upheavals. The solution given is more force and violence until Puerto Rico attains independence from the United States, and reconstructs itself internally according to the revolutionary model.

Much of Puerto Rican life today exhibits the excesses of capitalism, a painful sensitivity to the misery and suffering of the poor, the unresponsiveness of public and private bureaucracies and vested interest groups. All this and much more too is in need of searching examination, definition, and political action. But tedious revolutionary pronouncements and simplistic revolutionary formulae appeal only to the core of the partisan inner-circle, the few already convinced or converted. Nor will the appeal broaden with the urging of revolutionary violence in the absence of careful assessments of the costs and benefits of such violence, in social, economic, and, most of all, in human terms. Here and there one gets the impression that the author could do much better in the writing of a propaganda pamphlet.

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American Policy Toward Communist China, 1949-1969

FOSTER RHEA DULLES

Crowell, $7.95

HAROLD C. HINTON

Now that President Nixon has been to China, live and in color, the presumably enhanced public interest in Sino-American relations must sustain itself mainly on a diet of printed pages. Of these there is no shortage, but of many of the currently available popular books and articles on China and American China policy it can be truly said that an hour later and you're hungry again. This book, however, stands somewhat above the national average, as the fact that it has a foreword by Professor John K. Fairbank, the dean of American academic China specialists, suggests.

This is the last of a series of books on American history, the history of America's relations with the Far East in particular, that Professor Foster Rhea Dulles wrote before his death in 1970. Throughout the series, the emphasis is on the American rather than the Far Eastern side of the relationship, and the research is confined largely to familiar secondary sources plus a sampling of newspaper and congressional opinion. The result is more in the nature of popular than of academic history, and the analysis, while rarely wrong, seldom gets much below the surface. Surprisingly perhaps in a cousin of John Foster Dulles, the viewpoint is essentially that of the liberal conventional wisdom: "Instead of charting our own course, with positive affirmation, we have reacted almost automatically along predetermined lines to every move China has made, or seemingly threatened to make, in challenging our interests in Asia" (page 212); what we should have done instead is never made very clear.

The period chosen, and the date of the author's death, dictate of course that nothing is said about the Nixon visit to China. Nor does the book prepare the reader for the visit. Professor Dulles tells us that President Nixon was less hostile to Peking on assuming the Presidency than he had been as Vice President but does not grasp the fact that the President was committed from the beginning of his term to a conciliatory shift in China policy. This failure of apprehension is excusable, since the White House gave fairly ambivalent signals on the subject of China for the first two of the Nixon years, but it does detract from the book's value as a backgrounder to the Nixonian China policy and the visit to Peking.

Considered then, as it must be, as sure history without a direct bridge to the present, what does Professor Dulles' book offer us? It begins with a summary, based on his earlier writings, of pre-1949 Sino-American relations that often tends to treat American policy as not only self-interested and ineffectual but as absurd. The constructive side of historic American China policy, such as the allocation of our share of the Boxer indemnity to educational purposes, gets less than justice. Presumably Professor Dulles is trying to explain that post-1949 Chinese hostility to the United States has valid historic roots. Possibly, but the United States was probably the least disliked by Chinese of all the major powers.

Professor Dulles perceives correctly that an exaggerated belief in Chinese "expansionism" was a major source of American military involvement in In-

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dochina, under Kennedy and still more under Johnson. On the other hand, as he also points out, nervousness in various quarters in the United States (not so much the White House as some others) over the possibility of a Sino-American clash à la Korea growing out of Vietnam led from about the spring of 1966 to a mellowing of at least the tone of official American pronouncements on Peking. It was during this period that President Nixon's own attitude, seemingly out of character as it is, was apparently formed. As Professor Dulles did not live long enough to perceive, it was and is based on the conviction that the war in Indochina must be "wound down," both for domestic reasons and because the Chinese "threat," the perception of which had been so important in bringing the United States to wind the war up, had been greatly exaggerated like the reports of Mark Twain's death. While this estimate is plausible enough under the conditions of unilateral American nuclear deterrence of China as they have existed to date, it must be said without prejudice that it remains to be seen what will happen under conditions of mutual Sino-American nuclear deterrence. For this and other reasons, the future of the Nixonian effort to create a better relationship with China, like that of everything else, is obscure.

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Steinfels (cont.)

cerned), was another familiar of ACTU. And so on.

What does all this amount to? Certainly not to any claim on my part of expertise about the labor movement and its problems, nor any presumption to speak for the other people I have mentioned. I only mean to convey the background to the strong impression I have that for a great many intellectuals the growing distance between their politics and those of organized labor has been experienced with a sad heart; that when they have separated paths with labor they have done so reluctantly; and that when they had the opportunity to unite they did so enthusiastically. To a lot of readers, I realize, that is no great shakes of a revelation; but I would like it on the record, just the same. There are a number of publicists who would have it otherwise.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page* 467)

discover) the contemplative, celebrative dimension of the faith *within* the political struggle for a more just, more human society? Is it possible to experience the graciousness, the gift-ness of life and to celebrate it (eucharist, prayer, contemplation . . .) *within* the experience of political commitment? Could it be that the political experience makes prayer more possible and meaningful?

Father Schall implies that the "Christian left" (a term I dislike because it gives the impression that the Christian has analytical tools at his disposal which the ordinary "leftist" does not; in this sense, it is no more meaningful to speak of a Christian left than to speak of a Christian mathematics) is just a modern form of pelagianism and exclusive this-worldliness. Some or many Christians on the left may well fit into Father Schall's categories, but to state that "recent Christian political theory, especially Third World and radical social action theory . . . tend to identify social and political activity with the faith" is at best a misleading caricature. The writings of Gustavo Gutiérrez and Juan Luis Segundo, to mention two Latin American "political theologians," indicate that the concern for prayer, contemplation and celebration is at the very center of their thought. To affirm the necessary political dimension of the church and the faith, as Gutiérrez and Segundo do, does not imply an identity between faith and social action.

Father Schall talks of the "monastery" and its essential role in the city. It is not enough to point out that the city needs the monastery; the monastery also needs the city. The monastery cannot exist without the city, just as prayer cannot survive unless it expresses and deepens love for one's brothers. The real question then is not whether the city needs the monastery, but how love for the city and commitment to it can be an opening to the monastery, how the experience of political commitment can be the ground of contemplation, prayer, celebration.

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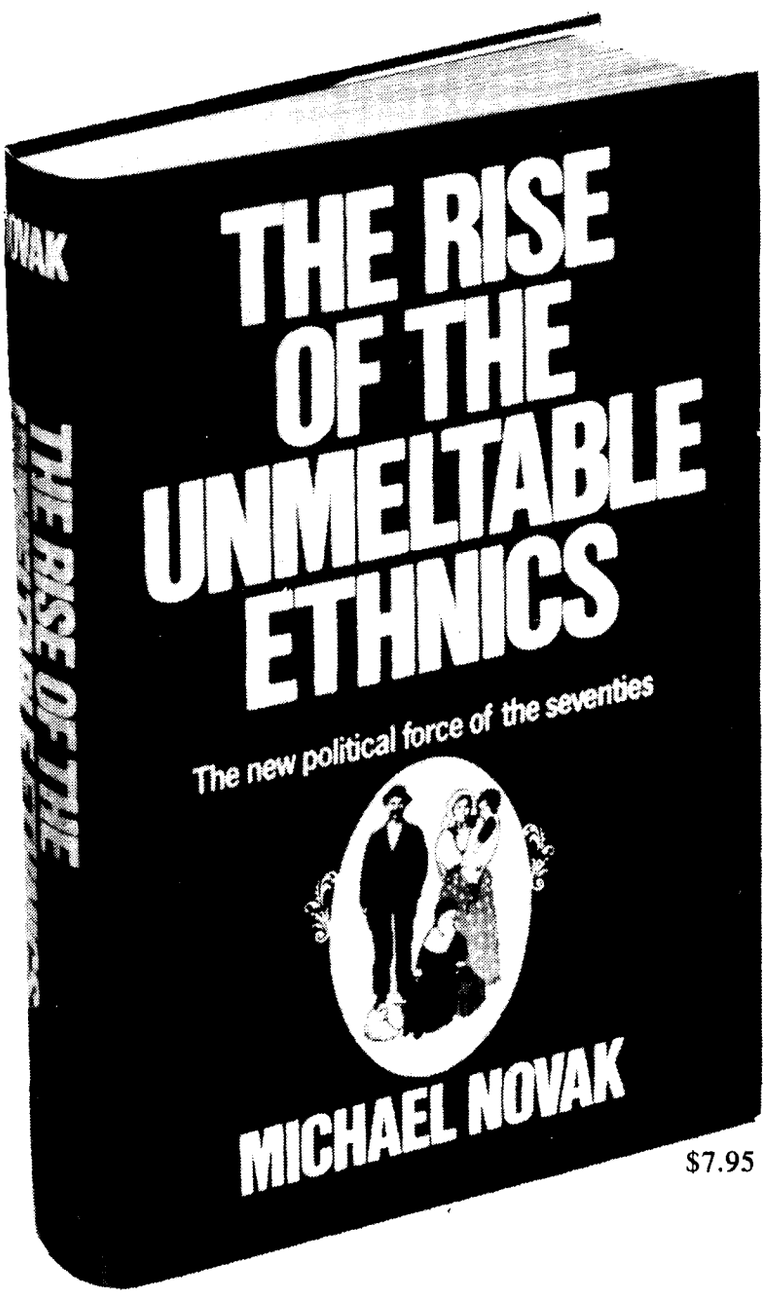

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